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01x11 - Surprise!

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **03/09/01 17:53**

[The Boys stroll down Liberty Avenue after work. Brian has an arm slung around Mike's shoulder, and he points to an old bug-eyed leather queen walking towards them.]

Brian: See that guy? He just turned thirty. That's what you're look in a couple of days, Mike.

Emmett: Oh, don't listen to him. You look like you're ten.

Brian: Yeah, but the strange things happens your thirties. You look great the night before and when you wake up the next morning your a*s falls down to here and your d*ck disappears.

Ted: Well, I'm thirty three. What does that make me?

Brian: Did you guys somebody hear something? Like a voice from the dead?

Michael: I'm glad I'm not moving in with David. I don't know how much time I have left.

Ted: Maybe you're lure by the prospect of all that chiropractic sex.

Michael: Sex wasn't that great.

Emmett: Has nobody seen to remember about talented tongue.

Ted: Yeah, and fantastic fingers.

Emmett: Orgasms without...

Michael: Alright the sex was great, but it gets boring, you know, with the same person.

Brian: Oh, who wouldn't know?

Michael: Now, I'm ready to go out and do all those things you can't do with a boyfriend -- you know, go to the clubs, go out dancing.

Ted: Go home alone.

Brian: Hey, busboy!

[Zoom in on Justin, busing a table across the diner. Justin, mouth wide open again, flips Brian off. The whole table, except Mike, laughs.]

Brian: Do you think we can get some water?

[Debbie saunters over, chuckling. Her t-shirt has a drawing of a headless figure on it, with "Need head?" written underneath.]

Michael: What is he doin' here?

Debbie: Isn't he adorable? The customers love him. His a*s gets more compliments than the burgers.

Ted: At least his buns are fresh.

[Justin returns with four glasses of water, and since he's carrying them with two hands, yes, his fingers are dipping into each glass.]

Michael: Jesus! You viving in my room at my mother's house, working where I eat -- I just can't get rid of you, can I?

Justin: Blame him. [to Brian] He the one who make me do this.

Brian: He just paying out the charge he make on my credit card.

Michael: Couldn't you send him to prison?

Debbie: This is worse. Where is David?

Michael: Um, I think he has a patient.

Debbie: Don't bullshit me. OK, so Emmett how about those blueberry pancakes you love, honey?

Emmett: Uh, yes, yum!

[Cut to the pharmacy later on; Emmett's not so happy anymore. Holding his tummy, he burps.]

Emmett: Why I eat those g*dd*mn pancakes? They're repeating more than I Love Lucy.

Ted: I need to refill my claritin.

[When a hunky guy passes them on the way to the pharmacist's counter. Ted's eyes go wide with recognition.]

Ted: Hey, you see that guy?

Emmett: Honey, I caught him the minute he came in.

Ted: I had sex with him.

Emmett: You didn't have.

Ted: I do.

Emmett: Stop it. Tell me details.

Ted: It was six months ago, after work, I stopped off to pick some bottle water on the way home, you know before I start using the Brita filter.

Emmett: OK, not evey detail.

[In a flashback, we see Ted reaching for the water inside the cooler, when this guy's arm snakes around his to get another bottle. Ted and Water Guy's eyes meet.]

Ted: Sorry.

Guy: No problem.

Ted: I don't wanna face that morning without water.

Guy: Really?

[Ted's getting screwed in the back of a Range Rover, and having a damn good time of it, too. Back in the present.]

Ted: And that's the story.

Emmett: I need to go into a phone booth and jerk off.

Ted: I probably looked good to him because he didn't have his contacts in.

Emmett: Honey, take it any way you can.

Ted: Oh, I did.

[As they go up to the counter, they hear Water Guy asking the pharmacist.]

Guy: How many times I should take this protease-inhibiting medicine?

Emmett: He must be positive. That's why he has such a good body. They put them on steroids, you know.

[Ted leans against a shelf, in shock.]

Emmett: What? You're safe, aren't you?

[Ted's face pretty much answers that question.]

[The Big Q Mart. Mike's on the floor when Marlys comes running up.]

Marly: Michael, we need you in the back. There is a fire.

Michael: A fire? Holy sh*t!

[Mike races back with her...]

Michael: Where is the fire?

Tracy: [yells] Over here!

[He finds that the "fire" is a bunch of candles on a makeshift birthday cake. All the Q-Martyrs yell "Surprise!" and clap in their little blue vests.]

Tracy: Surprise! Happy birthday!

Michael: You guys. How did you ...

Marly: Tracy found out. She knows everything about you.

Michael: Oh, really?

Tracy: Not everything. Make a wish.

[Mike blows out the candles, and Tracy kisses him sweetly on the mouth.]

Tracy: Happy birtday, Mike.

[Mike and Brian hit the sauna. Lots of heavily breathing men share the sauna with them.]

Michael: They threw a party for me at work.

Brian: Oh, that's cute!

Michael: Right, that's knowing that all my best years are behind me.

[Brian's still not caring, but in a way that allows him to check out the naked guy who just sat down next to him.]

Michael: You're not planing some pittiest birthday surprise, are you?

Brian: Why would I celebrate a tragic event like that?

Michael: Good. Cause I want that day to pass without a single reminder that I'll never be young and cute again.

[Brian's done paying attention, and checks out another guy who's sat down next to the naked guy.]

Brian: Well, that's why you should have kept the good doctor around; you'll always be younger and cuter than him.

Michael: I thought you couldn't stand him.

Brian: When did I ever say that?

Michael: Every chance you got?

Brian: Maybe he wasn't such a bad guy I though.

Michael: Well, now's a hell of a time to tell me!

Brian: Why? You didn't break up you can't make it.

Michael: Of course not.

Brian: That's good. Because we can't spend the rest of our f*cking lives together.

[Sauna Guy Two and Naked Guy start pawing each other, looking straight at Brian the whole time. Brian casually gets up in mid-conversation and walks out. Two and Naked follow him. Mike is left alone, shaking his head.]

[At the clinic, Emmett slow dances with the skeleton while Ted nervously sits on the examination table.]

Emmett: How could you do that? How could you lapsed?

Ted: I wasn't thinking. There was no time to think.

Emmett: Well, that's not an excuse. I always have condoms, spermicidal lubricant...

Ted: A bottle of hydrogen peroxide and witch hazel. Great. So, you're the Safe Sex poster boy, and I'm the Happy Hooker.

Emmett: I'm just saying you have to be careful.

Ted: Alright, already!

Emmett: I'm serious! If anything happened to you...you're too important to me.

Ted: Thanks.

[In walks the cutest medic in the world, all tall and broad-shouldered, but not overly so. Emmett starts provocatively chewing on a tongue depressor. The medic smiles.]

Doctor: OK, let's go.

Emmett: Hi.

Doctor: Hi. You aren't a regular patient, are you?

Ted: He's not a regular of anything.

Emmett: I'm just tested for moral support. I mean I've tested every six months. Which is silly, really, because most of my sex is cyber.

Doctor: What is you insurance situation?

Emmett: I'm pay by check. Address, phone number right across the top.

Ted: I'm can't do this.

Emmett: He's nervous.

Doctor: I'm sure you'll be fine.

Emmett: That's what I'm told him.

Doctor: OK, we're all done. And now...

Ted: ...we'll wait.

[At Debbie's, Debbie hands Justin two Kleenex boxes to go put in his room.]

Debbie: Sunshine! Do this up in your room.

Michael: MY room.

Debbie: C'mon sweety. Back off. You're back to be thirty years old.

Justin: [mouths] So old.

Michael: Don't remind me.

[Mike drops a packet of pills in front of Vic, who's sitting at the table.]

Debbie: What are those?

Michael: His meds.

Debbie: I thoughed you just got some.

Vic: Those pills don't go far when you're popping fifty pills a day.

Michael: You're in your last refill.

Vic: I'll call the doctor.

Debbie: Speaking of Doctors --

Michael: That's a subtle segue. Look, I don't want discuss this, it doesn't concern you.

Debbie: Oh no? I just lost a potential son-in-law.

Michael: All you lost was free treatment for osteoporosis.

Debbie: Michael Charles Novotny!

Vic: Oh, oh! Middle name! Look out!

[As Vic gets out of the way, Debbie grasps Mike's face with both hands.]

Debbie: Do listen to me and listen carefully! Do not f*ck this up. Now, I want you to call David right now, and apologize for whatever it is that you did.

Michael: What makes you think I did anything!

Debbie: I'm your mother!

Michael: Mom, David and I had nothing in common except Pantene shampoo and conditioner in one, and I had to give up my entire life. I couldn't see my friends, I couldn't go to clubs.

Vic: Good. Get out before they kick you out. Before you turn invisible.

Debbie: See? Listen to your uncle. You wanna be like him? You know what I mean. Listen, in a few days, you're not going to be a kid anymore, hanging out with Brian.

Michael: Why is it always Brian?

Debbie: You tell me. I mean, David really cared for you. You could see it in his eyes. Ah Vic, couldn't you?

Vic: I didn't noticed. I was too busy looking at his chest.

Michael: There'll be someone else!

Debbie: There will always be someone else! But there won't be someone like David every day.

[Mike crumples a shopping bag and stomps out. Later at his apartment, Mike sits on his bed and stares at the phone. Eventually, he picks it up and dials a number. The screen splits to show Mike on his bed and David in his own living room.]

David: Hello? Hello?

[Mike doesn't say anything back. David looks at his phone.]

David: Michael. I have Caller ID.

Michael: Sorry, I must have pushed the wrong number.

[He hangs up. David sighs heavily and tosses the phone across the room.]

[Brian's. Brian lets Debbie in.]

Debbie: You've ruined my kid's life!

Brian: What, no hello kiss?

Debbie: I mean it! You got some fizzy? I'll remember the first time I heard your name. Michael says, 'There is this new boy in school - Brian Kinney. For weeks, that's all he could talk about. Brian Kinney this, and Brian Kinney that. And then the next thing I knew, you were cutting classes. And then I come home from work one day, and there you were, fourteen and drunk. It was then that I knew you were trouble. And you haven't disappointed me a day since then.

Brian: Well, at least you can't accuse me of being inconsistent.

Debbie: Consistent heartbreak!

Brian: C'mon Deb, you know I've looked out for Mikey.

Debbie: I never said you weren't there for him. You've been there too much! Always giving him those little extra tidbits of your affection, huh? To make him believing that maybe, someday, you'd be his.

Brian: Who knows, maybe we'll end up a couple of old queens in Palm Springs.

Debbie: Only what's he supposed to do until then? He had a chance with David but you had f*ck it up!

Brian: He wasn't have any fun!

Debbie: He has enough fun! You've all had enough fun! It's time for him to be a man!

Brian: What do you want me to do about that?

Debbie: Well, I don't know! Some! You owe my kid some!

Brian: OK, I'll do something. It's Mikey's thirtieth birthday. He should have a party he never forgets.

[A sex-novelty store called "Seduction." Ted and Melanie are hanging out, looking for a birthday present for Michael. Melanie's twisting the p*nis on a mannequin gussied up in a leather harness.]

Mel: Would you look at this? It lift and separate.

Ted: Sounds like the I-Can't-Believe-It's-A-Bra.

Mel: Same principle. It's the I-Can't Believe-It's-A-Harness.

Ted: Well somehow, I can't see Michael trussed up like a turkey.

Mel: So, what are we doin' here?

Ted: Michael's one of my best friends. I can't let his thirtieth birthday go by without getting him something cheap and demeaning.

Mel: How about some ben-wa ba*ls?

Ted: Well, he is a bit of a tight-a*s. I wonder what Brian will get him.

Mel: If he's lucky, a farewell f*ck, once and for all...

Ted: Nice!

Mel: Well, after all, it is something he wants, but would never get for himself.

[Melanie picks up a rotating vibrator.]

Mel: What do you think of this?

Ted: I think he already has one.

Mel: No I mean for Lindsay and me.

Ted: Sorry, not my area.

Mel: It hasn't been mine, either, lately.

Ted: Well give it time. After a woman gives birth, it may take several months before she feels sexual again.

Mel: Oh god, I really wish you'd stop reading Redbook.

Ted: McCall's. The sex tips are better. Did you know that there are ten ways to please a man without opening your mouth? Go figure.

Mel: It's not just the sex. I don't know, I feel like she's shutting me out. I just die how long I can take it.

Ted: Look, I don't wanna hear this.

Mel: Why can't I share?

Ted: Because the minute you start telling your friends your relationship problems, it's the beginning of the end. Find a shrink!

Mel: I've been in therapy for six years.

Ted: Are you covered by insurance?

Mel: Yep.

Ted: Great! Then have a breakdown. You can afford it.

Mel: Jesus, what is it with you? You're so negative!

Ted: From your lips to God's ears.

[A cell phone rings, and they both grab for theirs. It's Ted's, and Medic Guy has called to give him good news.]

Ted: Hello?

Doctor: Hey Ted, it's Steve from Dr.Ross office. You're results are in.

Ted: God, that was fast. So, do you want me to come in?

Doctor: No, no need to. Everything's fine.

Ted: Thanks. I'm negative. I'm negative!

Mel: That's okay, happy people can be really annoying.

[Later, Ted and Emmett walk across a leaf-strewn park.]

Ted: OK, we got to prepare our stories to Michael. I don't trust you to think on the spot.

Emmett: What is it to you? You're so negative.

Ted: Funny, that's what the doctor said.

Emmett: You heard? Oh Ted, my god, that's fabulous! Now I hope you're learned your lesson.

Ted: Yes, mother.

Emmett: Oh my god, you see what I got for Michael. A vintage Easy-Cake Oven!

Ted: Why you get him that?

Emmett: Every g*y boy wanted an Easy-Cake Oven.

Ted: Uh-huh.

Emmett: Didn't you?

Ted: Uh-uh. So, they're already called you?

Emmett: Oh, I haven't checked my messages yet. Steve, Cutie from Dr.Ross office. He wants me to...

Ted: What?

Emmett: He wants me to come in as soon as possible.

Ted: Well, I'm sure it can't mean what you think it means because you said yourself you never do anything.

Emmett: All you have to do is ONE thing.

Ted: I'm sure your fine, Emmett.

Emmett: Then why he didn't say that?

Ted: It's probably a procedure with new patients.

Emmett: Bullshit! Everybody knows that when they tell you to come in, it means something's wrong. f*ck, the office is closed for the weekend... I have... I have to wait 'till monday? I'll have to wait for f*cking monday?! The whole f*cking weekend?!

Ted: OK, so we're just remain calm and...

Emmett: Oh my god, why is this happening to me?

Ted: Okay, this is good, too.

[David's house. In the pouring rain, Brian smoke a cigarette under his umbrella, and leans against his Jeep, parked in David's driveway. David comes jogging up the street.]

Brian: Hey, Doc. You got all sweaty without me.

David: Well, I went for a jog.

Brian: Yeah, I know how hard it is to stay in shape after a certain age.

David: Look, I know you wouldn't come all the way out here just to insult me, and we're not battling it out over Michael's attention, anymore -- you won -- so why are you here?

Brian: For forgot RSVP? You know the surprise party. I wrote it on the message.

David: Oh yeah, I though it would be a joke.

Brian: Why would it be a joke?

David: Look, I don't think Michael would feel to comfortable with me be there. Quite frankly I don't think I feel to comfortable be there myself.

Brian: Doc, you're always welcome in my place.

David: Thanks, but no thanks.

Brian: Come on, you're not going to give up that easily, are you?

David: Hey, I didn't give up. It was his decision.

Brian: Mikey doesn't always known what's best for him.

David: No sh*t!

Brian: Sometimes he need a little push. So, you'll come by around nine?

[T&E at Emmett's and Mike's place. Ted and Emmett are sitting on the sofa.]

Emmett: I've never been in Paris. I always want to see Paris.

Ted: You still get there. Even if you're positive it doesn't mean you're gonna dropped it tomorrow.

Emmett: Oh my god, you said it. You've said 'You're positive.'

Ted: I said 'even if' to imply the lack of possibility.

Emmett: I known a guy in P-town. He sticking his fingers in my mouth or maybe at the Gymn.

Ted: I though you'd did anything.

Emmett: I know guys who f*ck a hundred times a week. Five or six times isn't anything.

Ted: Emmett, you cannot be infected. No-one in the world is more HIVphobic than you. You're practically boiling the sheets!

Emmett: Well, that still doesn't explain why their wanna see me. God, how the f*ck can I make this weekend? Oh Ted, I'm so scared.

Ted: Look, maybe we should skip Michael's party.

Emmett: No! No, I don't wanna spoil his day.

Ted: Are you sure?

Emmett: Yeah, yeah. I take my line up, thanks. Please, don't tell him.

Ted: OK, but remember the story is, we're picking up Brian and goin' for diner and goin' to Babylon.

Emmett: One last dance of death.

Ted: Emmett...

[Just then, the birthday boy arrives, grumpy as all hell -- grumpier, even.]

Emmett: Hey, hey, birthday boy.

Michael: f*ck you, I'm goin' to bed!

Ted: You can't. We're to pick up Brian and goin' diner to Babylon.

Michael: I don't want to see anybody!

Emmett: Now, now, Mr.Grumpy Puss. Don't you want gonna go out?

Michal: No! I don't wanna go out!

Emmett: This is a very special occasion. You know, its a once-in-a-lifetime event. A night of nights.

Michael: Yeah, well I plan on sleeping through every miserable minute and you guys can tell me all about tomorrow.

Emmett: We need to celebrate.

Michael: Celebrate what? That I'm turning into a geezer? That my life is over?!

Emmett: Think to what you're gonna look forward to.

Michael: Flattuance? Incontinence?...

Ted: Oh, for Christ's sake, would you shut up already and come to your g*dd*mn surprise party?!

[Mike looks back and forth between the two of them, shocked and pleased.]

Emmett: Surprise.
[Brian's door. As it opens up into complete darkness.]

Michael: Hi, we're here and we're ready to go to Babylon!

[As T&E gamely smile behind him. Brian takes one look at Mike, and then glares at T&E.]

Brian: Assholes. You told him.

[He shoves the door open and pulls Mike in. Brian turns on a light. The loft filled with people.]

All: Surprise!

[Music is on.]

Michael: Who are all those people?

Brian: Well, if I invited just your friends, it would have been six people here. I had to open it up to sex partners...

Michael: I haven't have slept with any of these peoples!

Brian: My sex partners. Happy birthday, Mikey.

[He gives him a nice kiss. That starts a reception line of "happy birthday"s and kisses from Lindsay (who's holding the baby), Melanie, Debbie, and Vic.]

Debbie: Exactly thirty years ago my legs were in stripes and my face was like this. [she make a grimace.]

[Behind them all, Mike spots David walking across the loft towards him.]

Michael: Wow, this really is a surprise party.

[David hands Mike's present to Justin, and comes over.]

David: Thirty, huh?

Michael: Yeah.

David: Well, I hope I look as good when I'm your age.

[David kisses Mike sweetly, too. Brian, who can only take so much, drags Mike away to go open his presents.]

Brian: C'mon, Mikey, you have presents.

[At the bar.]

Mel: Margarita, no salt.

Justin: Right up.

Mel: Hey, how do you know how to mix drinks?

Justin: I'm from the gentile country-club set.

[The camera zooms over to Mike and Brian, who gather everyone around to watch Mikey open his presents.]

Michael: Oh my god! An Easy-Cake Oven. I always want one of those. Thanks, Em. I love it.

Emmett: Happy birthday, sweety.

[Ted chortles as Mike opens his gift -- a g-string shaped like an elephant.]

Ted: Oh, that's mine. Go open it.

[Ted thinks it's hysterical; everyone else is pretty much embarrassed for him.]

Ted: [laughs] You're d*ck were the trunks is.

Michael: It is funny.

Brian: Moving on.

Michael: Who is this one from?

David: Oh, that is from me.

[It's a really expensive, grown-up, water-resistant watch.]

Michael: This is... this is really...

Debbie: Expensive.

David: I thoughed you hadn't one of these. It's focused on the water proof features.

Brian: Hey, Mikey. Someone here is to see you.

[As Mike turns around, Brian steps aside to reveal...Captain Astro! The crowd is delighted.]

Captain Astro: I heard it was your birthday, so I thought I'd fly by and bring you something special.

[He hands Mike a comic book.]

Michael: Oh my god, Captain Astro. "Astro Comics #1"? This is the first appearance of Captain Astro in print. Do you know how much it is worth?!

Brian: Anything for my best friend.

[Mike gives him a big ole hug. David, shown up, sulks in the corner with Debbie.]

Michael: I can't believe it. I never though I find it.

Brian: So Cap, don't fly away. Stay and boogy with the birthday boy. [he kisses Mikey] Enjoy Mikey.

[Justin and Mel drinking some margaritas at the bar. Mikey and Captain Astro boogy on the dancefloor. Besides them a depressed David and Debbie.]

Debbie: [to David] It's a beautiful watch, David, and a beautiful thought.

David: Thanks.

[Brian smiles at Mike and Astro getting down, and shoots a look at David, who drifts away. Debbie, dancing with Vic, glares at Brian. Emmett kisses Lindsay and the baby. HDGBs in grape-covered underwear (no, seriously) gyrate on top of the kitchen counter. Justin and Melanie bond over cigarettes and margaritas. David looks like he's about to go over to Brian and say something, but Brian slowly turns away and leans on a pole on the other side of the loft.]

[Ted finds Brian alone.]

Ted: Nice going on the gift. Couldn't have been more perfect...

Brian: Thanks.

Ted: Yeah, David's present didn't stand a chance. But then again, neither did he.

Brian: f*ck off!

Ted: You just can't help yourself, can you? You have to make sure that Michael regresses permanently to the age of twelve. He's thirty, for Christ's sake, Brian. Don't you think it's time you let him go?

Brian: Well, I'll tell you what. I will if you will.

Ted: What?

Brian: Tell him that you've been in love with him for years.

Ted: What are you talking about?

Brian: You know what I mean!The boys saw your pictures. They saw your little shrine to Mikey when you're in your coma. Of course, I always knew. So, like I said, you let him go and so will I. Ladies first.

[Emmett and Vic schmooze over drinks.]

Vic: Is this candy or drugs?

Emmett: Candy.

[Vic drops it in his drink.]

Vic: You'd think with all the pills that I take that I'd know.

Emmett: So how are you feeling?

Vic: Fit as a fiddle and ready for love. Why do you ask?

[Vic gracefully stumbles away to find the best view of the nearest fruit-loined HDGB. Emmett sits next to him on the couch.]

Vic: Listen, why are you so interested in me all the time?

Emmett: I just wondering.

Vic: Bullshit. You boys never talk to anyone over forty unless you have to.

Emmett: I think I have it.

Vic: 'It' doesn't mean what it used to...

Emmett: What they said is that people still...

Vic: Die, all the time. But they die from other things, too. You can think about that.

Emmett: I just can't believe this is happening to me. I mean I'm not promiscuous.

Vic: Let me tell you about prmiscuous. 'Promiscuous' is anyone having more sex than you.

Emmett: I thoughed I was been safe. Careful.

Vic: Sex isn't careful. If it is, you're doing it wrong. It's messy. And it's human. And it's mixed up with other things. It's a genie that won't stay in the bottle. Listen, Emmett, if you think you made a mistake, move on. And accept it like a man.

[Emmett gets up and bolts away, passing David, who appears to be heading for the nearest exit. Gotta cross the dance floor in order to do that, but Mike stops him and they start dancing. Astro walks off the dance floor and off with two guys, who are all about checking out what's under that spandex. The camera circles around the ex-couple.]

[The camera circles around the ex-couple until it finds Melanie, crossing the floor behind them. The camera follows Melanie as she walks over to Lindsay and Debbie. Lindsay's breastfeeding the baby.]

Debbie: Thirty years ago, I was you. Thirty years from now, you'll be me. Thirty years seems impossible to believe. He's a man, but he still feels as tiny and precious to me as Gus does to you.

Lindsay: I can't even imagine...

Debbie: Goes by like a dream. So, does anybody breastfeeds these days, huh?

Lindsay: Yeah, it creates a real bond.

Debbie: I never give that with Michael. But they are pretty f*cking tight.

[Behind Lindsay, Melanie -- lit off her a*s -- is having trouble with her shoes. Debbie pats Melanie's arm.]

Debbie: [to Mel] Sorry honey, are you feeling left out?

Mel: Me, left out? Not with what it's costing me a month.

Lindsay: You know, they say sometimes the non-birth mother lactates as well.

Mel: If I did, it would be margaritas. Put some salt around my nipple and take a sip.

[She starts drunkenly pawing Lindsay, who tries to pull away and calm her down at the same time.]

Lindsay: Mel, please no.

Mel: Ooops, I'm being inappropriate. Lindsay is never inappropriate.

Debbie: Don't remind me. I would known if appropriate.

Mel: Can I give you a little drinky? Drinky?

Lindsay: No thanks. You wouldn't have one when you were me.

Mel: Hey, I'm not breastfeeding. Ain't my problem.

[The camera follows Melanie and then picks up with Emmett, who briefly dances with Mike before moving on. In the back area, he finds Captain Astro getting it on with those two guys, moaning and groaning to beat the band. Emmett runs out of there and into the bathroom. He splashes water on his face, a sea of candles.]

Emmett: Please god, please let me be negative. If you do I promise, promise, promise...

Mel: [shouts] Is somebody in there?

[Melanie interrupts him, pushing him aside so she can yack into the toilet.]

[Outside Brian's building, Tracy pushes the intercom button. Vic answers the intercom.]

Vic: Come on up. And get your c*ck out.

[At the bar, Ted thoughtfully drinks his beer. On the dance floor, Mike abruptly breaks away from David to go talk to Ted.]

Michael: Hey Teddy. Thanks again for the elephant underwear. It's really funny.

Ted: Yeah. Right!

Michael: No, really.

Ted: I bet you weren't expect David here, are you?

Michael: Yeah, talk about surprises!

Ted: So, you think you might... you know.

Michael: I don't... I don't think so.

Ted: That's too bad. Say, listen. I know that there's this part of us that thinks that we don't deserve to be loved...

Michael: What are you talking about?

Ted: Let me finished. So, we fall in love with someone that we know we can't have and who's never going to love us. And, we fantasize about the day when all of a sudden he realizes what he's been

missing, and all of our dreams come true. Only, that day never comes, and before you know it, it's your fortieth birthday, it's your fiftieth, and you're still alone. Don't let that happen to you, Michael. Love someone for real. Someone who loves you.

[Michael and Ted give each other a big, mutually understanding hug.]

[Just then, Mike sees Tracy over Ted's shoulder.]

Michael: Oh my god!

[Mike bolts across the loft, attempting to head her off at the pass.]

Michael: Tracy, what are you doin' here?

Tracy: Happy birthday, Mike.

Michael: Thanks, it's really wild. They're all a little drunk. I really -- I only know six of them.

Tracy: You're friend Brian called me. He ask me to come.

Michael: Look, are you hungry? There is this Burgerplace we could diner...

Brian: Tracy, I'm sooo happy that you could make it to Mikey's surprise party! Let me introduce you to some of our guests.

[Before Mike can say anything, Brian grabs her hand and leads her to the dance floor. Specifically, to David on the dance floor.]

Brian: David. David, this is Tracy. Tracy, this is David.

David: Tracy yeah, we're met.

Tracy: Right. You're Mike's chiropractor.

[Brian swings an arm around David's brawny shoulders.]

Brian: He's also Mike's boyfriend. Oh excuse me, ex-boyfriend.

[Tracy doesn't quite understand what's going on, so Brian continues, right when Mike catches up with them.]

Brian: You know, the first time they f*cked, Michael came like, three times.

[Michael's eyes widen in horror. David punches Brian in the face. Brian wipes the blood off his mouth.]

Brian: Why don't you get your friend Tracy a drink? Looks like she could use one.

[Tracy runs out of the loft. Mike shakes his head and takes off after her.]

Brian: Don't go yet,Mikey, you even haven't had your cake!

Michael: f*ck off!

[Tracy runs out, looking for a cab, or a machine g*n, or something, Mike hot on her heels.]

Michael: Tracy! It's true. David was my boyfriend.

Tracy: Do you laugh at me? You and your friends, The Boys, do you laugh at me?

Michael: No. No.

Tracy: I must be a big joke to you, huh? The girl at work, who has the big crush? She's so funny, because she's so stupid!

Michael: It's not like that! I swear!

Tracy: You're a liar, Mike! A liar.

[Tracy rennt raus und sucht nach einem Taxi oder so. Mike kommt herausgelaufen.]

Michael: Tracy! Es ist wahr. David w*r mein Freund.

Tracy: Hattest du deinen Spaß? Du und deine Freunde, die Jungs, habt ihr über mich gelacht?

Michael: Nein. Nein.

Tracy: Ich muß ein toller Witz gewesen sein, was? Das Mädchen von der Arbeit, die verliebt in mich w*r? Sie ist so witzig, weil sie so dumm ist!

Michael: So w*r's nicht! Ich schwöre.

Tracy: Du bist ein Lügner, Mike! Ein Lügner.

[Meanwhile, back at the party, Brian's sniffing coke in order to make his face feel better. Or just maybe because it's there. Ted, standing next to him, rolls his eyes in disgust. Mike walks up to them, mad as all hell.]

Brian: Hey, look what I hooked up for this special occasion.

Michael: [to David] I wanna get out of here. How about you?

David: Sure.

[Justin holds up the comic book.]

Justin: You forget this.

Michael: I don't want it.

[Mike then stomps up to Brian.]

Michael: [to Brian] Thanks for the party(!)

[Brian watches him go, turning back just in time for Ted to walk up.]

Ted: Well, Brian, you really know how to throw a birthday bash.

Emmett: Too bad all good things must come to an end.

[Then Melanie weaves up to Brian.]

Mel: Well, well, well. Is anyone surprised? Look at the way he treats people. Am I right? Is there anyone here tonight who hasn't been f*cked by Brian Kinney in one way or another?

Vic: Well, what do you know? Now Michael has been, too.

Debbie: So you finally gave him what he wanted? Good for you!

[Brian wearily shakes his head. But the anti-reception line isn't over yet; it's Lindsay's turn.]

Lindsay: How could you have done it to him, Brian? Your best friend in the whole world.

Brian: [to Justin] Well? Aren't you going to make your big exit, too?

Justin: No. You're going to need someone to help you clean up this mess.

[Michael and David are in David's living room.]

David: Come in and take up some things. Relax.

Michael: Thanks.

David: Would you like some drink?

Michael: You know, I think I had enough. It was some party, huh?

David: It had its moments.

Michael: Like when you punched him!

David: He deserved it.

Michael: He deserve worse.

David: I don't want talk about him right now.

Michael: I'm missed you.

David: Have you?

Michael: Yeah, I have.

[Then Michael kisses him. But he has to stand on his tiptoes, in his sneakers. David push him away.]

David: I'm...I'm... I'm not sure what's happening right now.

Michael: I wanna take up your offer, to live together. I want to give it a shot.

David: I'm not a consolation prize.

Michael: I know that. You're first prize.

David: You sure?

Michael: I'm thirty. It's time I settled down and took on some responsibility.

David: Now you're making me sound like life insurance.

Michael: Well, in a way, you are. Do you still love me? Because, I love you.

[They kiss each other.]

[Next morning, back at the loft, Brian walks into the living room and finds Debbie picking up Mike's presents. Justin's passed out on the bed -- fully clothed.]

Debbie: He asked me to pick up the stuff he left. Hey sunshine! You got some tables to buzz.

Justin: I don't feel sick. Margaritas are definitely my drink.

Brian: Get up!

[Justin scampers into the bathroom. Brian swigs out of a bottle of scotch.]

Brian: [sheepishly] You want some coffee?

Debbie: No, thanks. [Hands on hips.] Christ, I was pissed at you last night. Everybody was, is. But right in the middle of my cussing you out, I finally figured it out. You can't do anything quietly, can you? Everything's got to be a spectacle, a drama. You couldn't have pushed him softly. You had to shove him off a f*cking cliff.

Brian: Yeah, I had to. Otherwise, he would have followed me around forever.

Debbie: Yeah, I guess he will have. Justin!

Justin: [from the bath] I'm brushing my teeth!

Debbie: You loaned him your toothbrush?

Brian: I have a supply. It was the only way.

Debbie: This David, he is good for him.

Brian: Yeah, that won't last.

Debbie: Maybe not, but he should last give it a try.

Brian: So, how's he doin'?

Debbie: Try to figured out why his best friend would betray him. But he doesn't realize that it's the best thing that could ever happen. That you did him a favor. That maybe now he can finally have a chance to have a life.

[Justin walks out of the bedroom.]

Justin: OK, I'm ready to go.

[Debbie hugs and kisses Brian.]

Debbie: You take care, kiddo. Thank you.

[The clinic. Emmett can't sit still, and Ted can't do anything to make him sit still. Cute Medic Guy approaches them.]

Doctor: Hi.

Emmett: Yeah, yeah. Let's skip the small talk. We're waiting for an hour.

Ted: An hour and a half.

Emmett: Just... just give it to me straight.

Doctor: Oh the message I left for you friday.

Emmett: Yeah.

Doctor: Well, here is the situation.

Emmett: OK, spare me that you know warming-up, letting down, easy speech. Just tell me.

Doctor: You're check bounced.

Emmett: What?

Doctor: You're check bounced. Insuppician founds.

Ted: Perfect. How much?

Doctor: Sixty.

Ted: Here. [to Emmett] You're payin' me back.

Emmett: OK, who gives a sh*t about sixty bucks, I'll leave it to you in my will, can I have my test results, please?

Doctor: You're fine. Congratulations.

[Emmett starting crying]

Emmett: Oh my god.

Ted: I told you.

Doctor: So, uh, how would you like to celebrate?

Emmett: You know? I'm sorry, I can't. I'm busy.

Doctor: OK, well, see you around, guys. Have a nice day.

[The doc leaves them alone.]

Ted: He's cute. If you don't want him, I'll take him.

Emmett: You can have him. I made a promise to God.

Ted: Promise to God? What promise to God?

Emmett: I prayed and told god, that if I would negative I would never have sex with another man. And I'm negative. So, I can never touch a man again.

Ted: Uh-huh.

[Back at the loft, Brian lies on the floor with the botttle of scotch. He flips through the Captain Astro comic he gave Mike, and as the camera pulls away across the floor, we see these big mural-size pictures stuck to the wall for the party: Mike at different ages, Mike and Brian together and laughing, Mike and Brian, Brian and Mike, as David Bowie's plays When your a Boy.]

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